

Alpha Chi
Rho

476
out of

Alpha Chi Rho Convention

helps to dedicate the world's largest hotel,
the Pennsylvania, in New York City,

February 20-22, 1919



What this card is for.

Turn this card over and fill in. It will not cost you a cent. If you are not coming to Convention, just write a line on it saying "Hello, or conveying a message—to your Chapter, or to the Convention, or to some old pal, who, you know, will be there. Maybe to George Walker or Wally Tamlyn, or your Graduate Secretary. We'll print a line in the Convention paper to say we've heard from you, so your friends will know you did not perish of the flu.

If you're coming to Convention—ah, then, fill in everything, enclose some cash and charge it to Investment, not to Expense. It will buy you a big bunch of happiness.

But send this card anyway!

Spend 3 cents

Contribute

This Convention will be co-operative. Contributions are asked only because every year the Fraternity must subsidize the Convention. This year every man has the chance to contribute something—a little—no matter how much—\$1.00 each from one thousand men is much more appreciated than ten \$100.00 bills. Men who can't get to Convention will especially appreciate this chance to participate in the biggest thing Alpha Chi Rho ever tried to put over. The man to send your dollar(s) to is

OTTO F. SIEDER,
552 West 23d St., New York

WILL YOU BE 1 OF 476?

Charlie Bassford, who has more cubic dimensions per square foot of ground space than any other man in the Fraternity, including Jed Fagen, and who was therefore made Convention Chairman, says there must be 476 men at Convention. That's the quota he has assigned to the whole Fraternity. Each Chapter has a part of that. So, when you come, you make good two ways--for your Chapter and for Convention.

COME AND PLAY YOUR PART!

QUOTAS AND PRIZES

Remember that the quota for attendance was scientifically made—fair to every Chapter. Your Graduate Secretary and Resident Chapter officials know how many men they must have present. Write and find out if you are needed to fill the quota.

And Charlie and Otto sat down and figured out how much money they needed to make this THE BIG CONVENTION, and then they told each Chapter how much it had to contribute. Compute your share and do a little better.

And, remember, the Attendance Cup goes to the out-of-town Chapter having the largest attendance, and, besides—a shield with Coat of Arms for the Chapter House of the Chapter having the largest percentage of its quota present—and a Fraternity watch fob, suitably inscribed, to the Grad. Secretary of the same Chapter. Considerable inducements.

Uncle Sam's Victory

The Service men are trickling back. Billie Buck came in this month with two service stripes and a wound stripe that meant three gashes—and there are lots of others. They will all be at Convention.

Come to Celebrate

Uncle Sam's victory with his men on the birthday of the Father of his Country.

The Program

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 20.

8:30 P. M. Opening Smoker.
Undergraduate Singing Contest.
Election of President 100
Per Cent Club.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21.

10:00 A. M. First Business Session.
2:00 P. M. Second business Session
8:15 P. M. Webb Brothers' All Star
Movie Circus Drama.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22.

10:00 A. M. Third Business Session.
3:00 P. M. Tea and Dance.
7:30 P. M. Largest Banquet Ever.

All of the above at Pennsylvania Hotel,
Seventh Ave., at 33d St.

Pennsylvania rates—\$3.00 a room, up;
every room with bath; two in a room, \$2.50
each. Reserve your rooms early.

RANDOM NOTES

Jack Brierly, Brooklyn's favorite tenor, will stage the Singing Contest Thursday night. All undergraduate delegations come trained and prepared to lug home a cup.

VanCourt Carwithen has qualified as the largest man in the Fraternity and his supporters have secured the banquet toastmastership for him, displacing Ken Webb. Ken has the largest task of his young life staging the Big Show, anyway, so the Big Convention still looks BIG!

The 100 Per Cent Club includes everyone who buys a ticket for everything and contributes besides—even contributes a quarter. Get into this! Badges passed out to members Thursday night. Your badge entitles you to vote then and there for the President, who presents all prizes for the Convention Committee.

Three out of town Resident Chapters are coming each in a body. Accommodations for everybody. Come along. Several New York Brothers want out of town men for guests at their homes. Write Chas. H. Bassford, 2 Rector St., for accommodations. Jim Robinson will be Convention Censor.

PUT ME DOWN FOR

Check here

Cash enclosed

Smoker, Thursday Evening, Feb. 20	Free
Webb Brothers' Entertainment	Tickets, \$1.00
Tea and Dance, Saturday afternoon	Tickets, 50 cts. each
Banquet, Saturday evening	Tickets, \$4.00
Convention Newspaper, three issues,	25 cents
Contribution (glad to do it).....
Reserve a room at Penn. Hotel beginning
Find guest accommodations for me beginning

Total enclosed

Yours Fraternally,

Name

Chapter Address

ROY CARRUTHERS, Resident Manager
E.M. STALTER, President

Hotels Statler Company, Inc.

OPERATED BY

JANUARY 1919
OPENS IN



NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
HOTEL

A Hotel of Character

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA is a New York home for those who want the best that New York can provide; its standards of equipment, appointments and service are, in every case, the highest.

Though it is the largest hotel in the world—whether measured by number of rooms, cubical contents, ground area, or any other standard—its chief claim to distinction is its character.

In luxurious comfort, in thoughtfulness for the guest's personal convenience, in all that goes to make a hotel of character, Hotel Pennsylvania is a worthy newcomer to the ranks of the world's hotels that are famous with the discriminating.

There are six beautifully appointed restaurants; elaborate ballroom, banquet rooms and private dining rooms; distinctively furnished suites of three to ten rooms; single rooms of unusual comfort and convenience; swimming pools for men and for women (the latter on the women's floor); playroom and outdoor playgrounds for children; library and many similar attractions.

AT SEVENTH AVE., 32nd AND 33rd STS.
OPPOSITE THE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL



AT SEVENTH AVE., 32nd AND 33rd STS.
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL

2200 ROOMS
2200 BATHS



WORLD
HOTEL IN THE
THE LARGEST

HIGHEST CLASS
WANT HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS OF THE
FOR DISCRIMINATING GUESTS WHO

STORES, THEATRES, CLUBS, ETC.
CONVENIENT TO

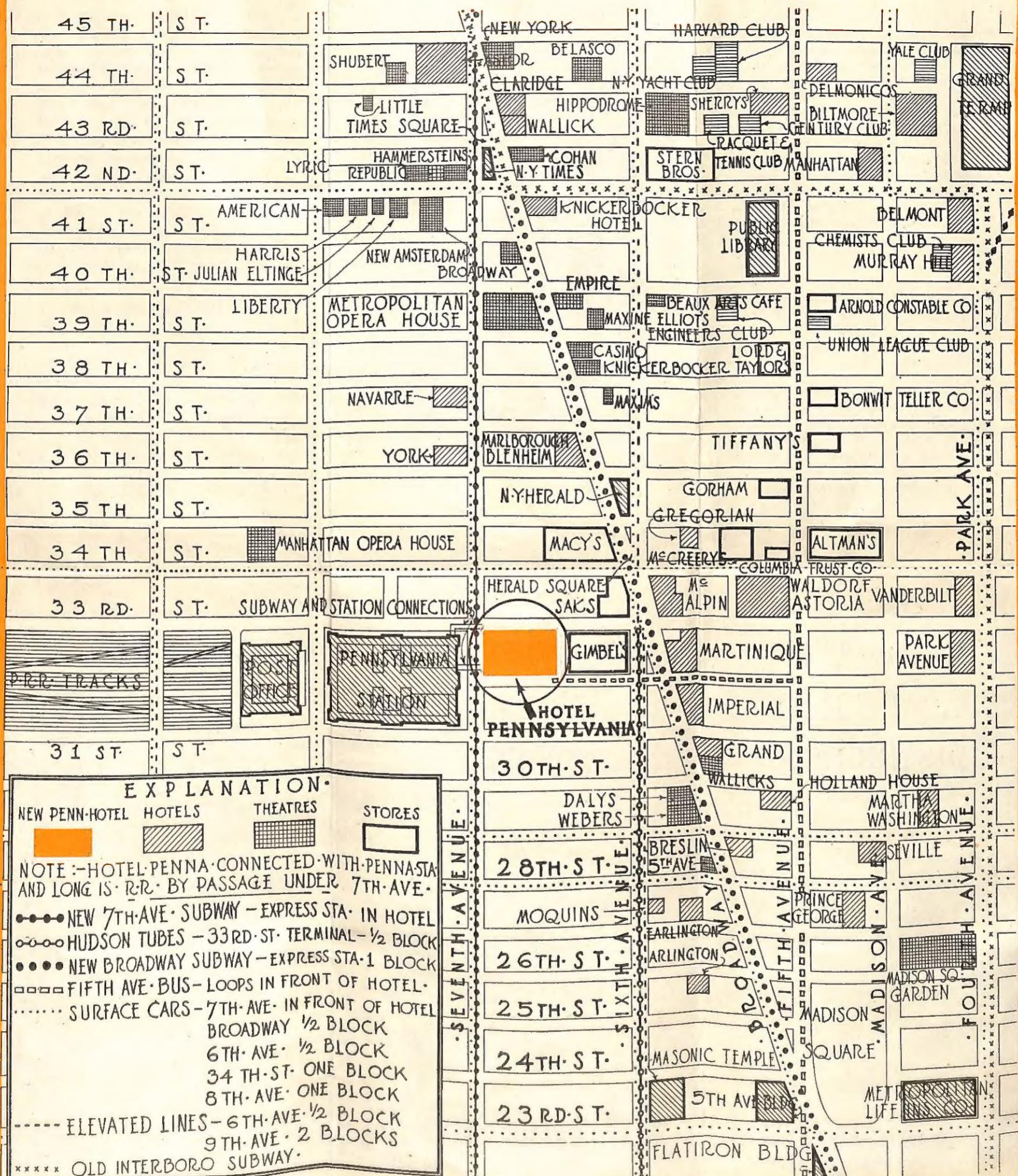


DISTINCTION
CHARACTER AND
A HOTEL OF

An Ideal Location

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA is close to the things you want to be close to in New York. Theatres—immediately to the north. The finest shops in the world—just east of it. Business and financial districts—hardly farther away, in the time it takes to reach them; there is a subway station in the basement of the hotel. Everything is brought close by the subways, bus lines, elevated and surface cars that are immediately accessible from the doors of Hotel Pennsylvania. Entrance from Pennsylvania Station without ascending to the street.

Besides the comforts and conveniences found in other hotels owned and operated by Hotels Statler Company, Inc., there have been added some new and distinctive features in Hotel Pennsylvania which are sure to be appreciated. These include such innovations as Servitors with which every guest room is equipped—providing a room service without intrusion of servants. A special kitchen equipment has been installed on each guest room floor, and one of the specialties for which the house is noted is the "Penn Breakfast" served in your room within a few minutes from the time it is ordered, and without a room service charge.



SEE MAP ON INSIDE PAGES



Look Around Now and Choose Your Exit !!
Don't try to beat your neighbor to the Street !!

→ HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA ←

Grand Gala Gathering

for ——————

the entertainment, amusement
and enjoyment of the Delegates
and visitors to the Twenty-First
Annual Convention of the
National Fraternity of ——————

ALPHA CHI RHO

Under the personal supervision of
DAVID BELASCO →—————

GATTI - CAZAZZA



1. Speech of Welcome—MAYOR HYLAN, assisted by William Randolph Hearst.
2. SOUSA'S GRAND CONCERT BAND, under the direction of the Great March King himself, will render the following selection:
 - a. Selections from Mme. Butterscotch
 - b. Stars and Stripes Forever
 - c. A X P March (Composed for this occasion)
3. JOHN McCORMACK, the Great Swedish Tenor, at great expense, will sing.
 - a. Mother McCree
 - b. I Hear You Paging Me
 - c. Macushla
and 47 Irish Encores
(Don't throw any Irish Confetti)
4. Just back from the front—GEN. JACK PERSHING, who made the trip specially via wireless to tell us all about the ex-war.
5. For this occasion only, the PEERLESS DANCERS
Mrs. Vernon Castle
and
Frisco, the Jazz King
in a series of new and original terpsichorean toe tangles.
6. Engagement Extraordinary

→ Enrico Caruso ←

the most famous tenor of the world . . . whose magnificent tenor robusto voice has recently made such a hit in the movies—

- a. Celeste Aida
- b. Asleep in Deep
- c. My cousin Caruso

7. To conclude with a powerful drama in one act entitled

→ "Why Movie Directors Go Mad" ←

Words by William Shakespeare.

Lyrics by Robert Browning.

Music by Victor Herbert.

————— Cast-Off Characters —————

Miss Pickax (the leading lady)	Miss Mary Pickford
Mr. Francis X. Bushwick (the leading man)	Mr. Douglas Fairbanks
Mr. Carrington Blackburn (the villain)	Mr. Wm. S. Hart
Miss Geraldine Glum (the vampire)	Miss Theda Bara
The Director	Mr. D. W. Griffith
The Assistant Director	Mr. Thomas Ince
The Camera Man	Mr. Kodak Eastman
The Assistant Camera Man	Mr. Brownie
The Property Man	Mr. E. H. Southern
The Wardrobe Mistress	Miss Julia Marlowe
The Electrician	Mr. Thos. A. Edison
The Stage Hands	Messrs. Weber and Fields
The Fireman	Mr. John Drew

Scene—SOME Studio.

Time—SOME time.

Miss Pickford's Costumes by Staunton & Fox, Ltd. (very).

Miss Bara's Shoes by Carwithen Construction Co.

Wigs by George (Johnny) Holden.

Props by Fagen.

Scenery Built to Wagg & Eimer.

Military Data supplied by Capt. C. H. K. L. J. Hayes, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.

Business Manager	George Walker
Call Boy	Ed. Bailly
Head Usher	Percy Kalkhoff
Press Agent	Tom Flanagan

THIS PROGRAM IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE
WITHOUT NOTICE.

ALPHA CHI RHO CONVENTION 1919

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.

Chorus

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desola-
tion;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us
a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto:
In God is our trust!
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Chorus

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

Chorus

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Ev'rywhere I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

Chorus

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

They were summoned from the hillside;
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Refrain

Keep the home fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
Help a nation in distress,
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honor bade us do no less.
For no gallant son of freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of friend.

Refrain

OVER THERE

Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run,
Hear them calling you and me,
Ev'ry son of liberty.
Hurry right away, no delay, go today,
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad,
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.

Chorus

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word, over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drum's rum-tumming everywhere
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there!

Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Johnnie, show the Hun you're a son of a gun,
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Yankee Doodle do or die.
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit,
Yankees, to the ranks from the towns and the tanks,
Make your mother proud of you,
And the old Red, White and Blue.

Chorus

JOAN OF ARC

While you are sleeping,
Your France is weeping,
Wake from your dreams, Maid of France.
Her heart is bleeding;
Are you unheeding?
Come with the flame in your glance;
Through the Gates of Heaven, with your sword in
hand,
Come your legions to command.

Refrain

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping Fleurdelis?
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Let your spirit guide us through;
Come lead your France to Victory;
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

Alsace is sighing,
Lorraine is crying,
Their mother, France, looks to you.
Her sons at Verdun,
Bearing the burden,
Pray for your coming anew:
At the Gates of Heaven, do they bar your way?
Souls that passed through yesterday.

ALPHA CHI RHO DRINKING SONG

Fill up your steins and drink to Alpha Chi Rho,
Join all your voices now and sing to her boys,
Fill up your stein, away we go,
A jolly good cheer is the way to show the love we
have for her;
Gather around and swell the happy chorus,
Drink a deep health to all who've gone before us,
Join in the song and raise it high,
We'll stick together, drink a health to Alpha Chi.

AMICI

PROGRAM

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

12:30 P. M. Uptown Lunch Club.

8:30 P. M. Opening Smoker.

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Contest.

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All of the above at Pennsylvania Hotel,
Seventh Ave., at 33d St.

NIGHT FINAL



The Giggle & Wiggle

DAILY NEWSPAPER OF THE AXP CONVENTION

TEMPERATURE

Min. 26, Max. 32, Hank 105%

THE WEATHER
Fairer and cloudier. Gales of laughter and hot wind
(For detailed weather report, see page 5—if you can)

Vol. I, No. 2

New York, February 21, 1919

One Sent Anywhere

SMOKER IS SCINTILLATINGLY SUCCESSFUL

Opening Event of Biggest Convention Ever, Is a Regular "Old Home" Night—Singing Contest Doesn't Leave a Dry Eye in the House—100% Club Organizes and Elects President

The opening social event of Alpha Chi Rho's Twenty-first Convention was the smoker given at the Hotel Pennsylvania last evening.

It was a regular "Old Home" night. Brothers who had not seen one another for many years, held happy re-unions. Men just back from France, or released from service here, made up a goodly proportion of the more than two hundred present.

We wish we had space to report the thrilling tales of these sturdy heroes. Just to look at them was a treat.

Last night's function was by far the largest and most successful Convention Smoker we have yet held. It is an augury of the greater events yet to come.

The actual registration figures showed 165 present, of whom 32 were from Phi Chi and 30 from Phi Omega—but at least 40 more did not register, because of the long delay incurred by standing in line. Those who did so, however, were rewarded with souvenir leather cigarette cases. That is, the cases were leather, not the cigarettes.

Brother Jack Brierley, the sweetest singer who ever acted as song leader at an Alpha Chi Rho smoker on February 21, 1919, acted as song leader. A round dozen of Resident Chapters competed in the singing contest, but the honors were carried off by Phi Mu (Lehigh).

There were only two Phi Mu singers, Brothers L. A. Fritchman and N. R. Reynolds, but they had good voices, and they enunciated their words perfectly. As there were only two, there were less to make discord, so the Committee had a cinch in making its decision.

There were six candidates for President of the 100% Club, and of course Ed Bailly won in a romp. He can be elected to anything. The other five nominees meant well, but that let them out.

Tom Flanagan was master of cere-

monies, and carried everything off with his usual easy mastery of the situation.

A viva voce vote on the prohibition question didn't seem to prove much of anything. One Brother was pronouncedly anti, having conducted the interesting experiment of putting a raisin in a bottle of Bevo, which gives one a kick in the appendix.

Among those present? There were so many celebrities we can't enumerate them—but in addition to Revered Brother Eardeley, we had with us Brother Past President Maylin Joseph Pickering, Brother Past President James Latimer Robinson, Brother National President Henry Capen Staunton, Brother National Secretary Dixon Ryan Fox, Brother National Treasurer Richard G. Kinscherf, Brother National Councilor Otto F. Sieder, Brother National Councilor Charles Hobby Bassford, and Brother National Councilor Walter I. Tamlyn.

Brother Publication Manager Acheson H. Callaghan secured over twenty life subscriptions to *The Garnet and White* during the evening.

The party broke up at midnight, and "an enjoyable time was had by all."

Overheard At the Smoker

"When do we eat?"

"Where do we go from here?"

"Is this the biggest Convention yet?"

"How does business look to you?"

"Still with the same people?"

"Why don't you ever show up at the Lunch Club?"

"Do those fellows think they can sing? How do they get that way?"

"Did you get into any of the fighting?"

"Brother Staunton, meet Brother Schmoos."

"How many Hun 'planes did you shoot down?"

"Whatdya mean 100% Club?"

EXTRA

TWENTY-FIRST CONVENTION ASSEMBLED THIS MORNING

First Business Session Well Attended—Officers' Reports Received With Enthusiasm — Wonderful War Record Presented

The first business session of the Twenty-first Convention was opened in due form shortly after 10 o'clock this morning, by the President of the Fraternity, Brother Henry Capen Staunton, at the Hotel Pennsylvania.

The roll was called by Brother National Secretary Dixon Ryan Fox, and all but one Graduate and Resident Chapters were represented by delegates. An ovation was given to the representatives of our newest Chapter, Phi Nu (Dartmouth), which was instituted on January 29 and 30.

The minutes of the Twentieth Session were accepted without reading.

A round of applause greeted Brother National President Staunton when he rose to read his annual message. He referred to the sustained progress during the year and despite the handicaps imposed by the War, and his references to the War record of the Fraternity evoked a demonstration of pardonable pride. He mentioned various matters in connection with the internal administration of the Fraternity's affairs, the National Council, and particularly extension into other universities and colleges. As these subjects were largely or entirely esoteric, they are not reported here.

Brother Vice-President Albert Thatcher Hanby referred in his report to the progress made in perfecting the relations of the Graduate Chapters.

Brother National Secretary Fox presented an interesting statistical conspectus of the Fraternity and the various Chapters, as a part of his admirably prepared report.

He mentioned that fifteen of the Brothers had died in service. The National President will appoint a committee to

compile and publish a list of the war activities of Alpha Chi Rio.

Brother National Treasurer Richard G. Kinscherf's report showed a gratifying condition of the National Treasury and it proved to be an unconscious tribute to his own efficiency as well.

The various standing and special committees rendered their reports, which were well received and caused some interesting discussion.

Special mention was made of the excellent work of Brother Past-President Carlton J. H. Hayes as National Editor of *The Garnet and White*, of Brother Acheson H. Callaghan as Publication Manager (with particular commendation for his success in securing life subscriptions), and of Brother Roscoe C. Edlund, the best Graduate Editor the publication has ever had. (The writer of these lines ought to know; he was the only other one.)

The Convention adjourned for the day at 1:25. No afternoon session was held, in order that no out-of-town visitors might have an opportunity of seeing New York. A full report of the proceedings of this evening and of tomorrow morning, will be found in the Complete Final Five-Star Edition of THE GIGGLE & WIGGLE, to be published on Monday. Now is the time to subscribe. (Advt.)

The "Inside" Dope on the Banquet

The dinner will be managed by Brothers Grubb and Meals.

The menu was prepared by Brothers Bacon, Berri, Crumb, Cheeseman, Deer, Fox, Gese, Hawks, Ham, Plumb, Rice, Wing, and Walnut.

It will be reproduced by Brother Printup.

The drinks are in charge of Brothers Barr, Brew, Bunn, Jagger, and Black & White.

The smokes will be handed out by Brothers Butz, Weed, and Piper.

The color-scheme was designed by Brothers Black, Brown, Gold, Gray, Green, Rose, White, and Redfield.

The cuisine will be supervised by Brothers Cook, Fry, Potts, Baker, and Butler.

The ultimate disposition of the dishes will be in charge of Brothers Wash, Swoap, Waters, and Towl.

The cloak-room will be managed by Brothers Colloque and Hatz.

The finances will be handled by Brothers Rob Du Bois and Dunham.

Brother Look will give everything the once-over.

Before the dinner can start, Brother Plummer will try to locate Brother Leeke.

(Continued on page 7)

BANQUET WILL HAVE SELF-STARTER

Will Get Under Way at 8.00—Not at 8.01, or 8.12

This year's colossal Convention Banquet, to be held at the Hotel Pennsylvania tomorrow evening, will start prompt and sharp at 8.00. It will be held in the Banquet Hall on the North Mezzanine floor, 33rd Street entrance.

The schedule will be as follows:

- 7.30 General Get-together and Informal Reception.
- 7.55 Diners File into Dining Room and Take Seats.
- 8.00 Everybody Seated and the Chow is Served.

The dinner will be served precisely at 7.30. This is only one of the many innovations and surprises to be sprung by this year's progressive Committee. Instead of penalizing the prompt arrivals for the benefit of the late-comers, the reverse will now be the case. Those who are seated after 8.00 will have to be content with whatever seats are left unoccupied in the back of the hall or in out-of-the-way corners.

Once we get into the good habit of doing things on time, we will never want to return to the old pre-war custom of wasting the best part of the evening by a late start.

The proceedings will start at 8.00, not at 8.01 or 8.12—and the New England brothers can get their 11.15 sleeper in good time and the Jerseyites will catch their trains on the Lackawanna, Erie, Central, and Pennsy.

And last, but not least—the TOASTMASTER will be none other than Brother Past-President Van Court Carwithen.

KRAZY KOLUM

By Brother B. U. Buggs

(Continued from last issue)

In response to an overwhelming popular demand—as Hoppy Wagg says whenever he wants to put anything over, whether there is any demand for it or not—in response, etc., as we were about to say, when we interrupted ourselves—in response to an o. p. d., we have decided to omit and discontinue the Krazy Kolum.

It was too raw even for the crude lowbrows who read this peerless publication.

Monday's Big Issue

If you have any news or announcements for Monday's stupendous issue, the Complete Final Five-Star Edition of THE GIGGLE & WIGGLE, give it to Brother H. M. Kiesewetter, the gink who will sling the ink—or, in the picturesque slang of the day, the editor in charge of the issue.

Tea at 3

Tomorrow's tea starts at 3. The dancing begins promptly at that hour. The patronesses will be Mrs. Edward C. Bailly Mrs. Charles Hobby Bassford, Mrs. T. F. Flanagan, Mrs. J. B. Gasper, Mrs. H. M. Kiesewetter, Mrs. R. G. Kinscherf, Mrs. O. F. Sieder, Mrs. Walter I. Tamlyn, and Mrs. James Albert Wales. The tea will be given on the North Mezzanine floor, 33rd Street entrance.

ODD FACTS, NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

Collected from Here and There, by Our Staff Writers

That we have a Vice-President.
That we have an inactive Chapter.
That our newest Chapter is Nu.
That the "regular old Webb Brothers" (see G. & W., February issue, page 163) are not old at all.

That the record for attending Conventions belongs to Brother Past-President Major Pickering, who has missed only two, including one because of military necessity. Another Brother has also missed only two, but the record really belongs to the Major.

That Brother Flanagan will soon (?) be our first(?) millionaire. His clients all say he has done them good. It is rumored that he was the original of James Montgomery Flagg's film, "Perfectly Fiendish Flanagan."

(Continued somewhere in the Advertising Section—don't try to find it; you'll get lost!)

Pencil-vania

Carl can now say: "Eimer regular lawyer." His office is at 1269 Broadway. (Advt.)

We asked Eric and Claude whether they would stay over for the Banquet, and they replied: "We Begg to remain."

Somebody asked Bill to have a drink, but he replied: "Can't you see I'm Offut?"

(Continued on page 93)

Staggering Statistics

Of the 379 Brothers who have registered so far, 379 will be disappointed if they are not mentioned in THE GIGGLE & WIGGLE. All right, we've mentioned all of 'em in this paragraph.

If all of the 752 cigarettes that will be smoked at the Banquet tomorrow night were laid end to end at the bottom of the ocean, they would reach from Kittey, Me., to points East. The Editor suggests that this be done before tomorrow night.

Of the 3,979,466 words spoken at the smoker last evening, it is estimated that 3,979,466 were entirely superfluous.

(Continued on page 9)

THE GIGGLE & WIGGLE

Editorial Staff:
Brothers T. F. Flanagan, H. M. Kiesewetter, and James Albert Wales

Contributing Editors:
Automobile Department, Henry Ford.
Prohibition Department, William Bryan.
Anti-Prohibition Department, Haig & Haig.
Sporting Editor, Rev. Henry C. Staunton.

Beauty Hints, Lima Cavalieri.

Dishes marked with a star (*) are ready.

If you don't see what you want, you have a fat chance to get it.

The management will be highly pleased to hear of any discourteous treatment of our patrons.

The Laborious

(Note.—Because of National Prohibition, we have changed the last syllable from RUM to RIO U.S.)

Caution.—Brothers should remember that this little publication, while not confidential, is strictly secret, and should not even be read, under penalty of death. The contents of this paper, while not all secret, are strictly confidential.

OFFICIAL STUFF

(Report of Official Visit of Brother B. U. Buggs, to Phi Bunk, as Deputy of Brother Irrational Secretary)

"Phi Bunk is in Excellent Condition"

After making the semi-centennial official visit to Phi Bunk, at Bunkem College, I am glad to be able to report that I am in position where I can say that Phi Bunk is in excellent condition (baring a few slight exceptions, which will be noted). That is, I can say it but I can't prove it.

I reached the House at 9.34 and remained until 9.38, during which time I made a thorough inspection of all books, pictures, the furnace and the vacuum cleaner—also tested the battery and ground the valves.

The House is a delightful and rare (very rare) example of the old Mary Anne school of architecture. It is pleasantly situated in the Gas House District, being within easy walking distance—1 1/4 miles—from the Campus.

It is in excellent condition, except that the roof has fallen in, the plumbing frozen up, and several panes of glass have been broken by the playful antics of the Brothers. Outside of that, it is in grand shape.

I examined the books carefully. They are in excellent condition, except that the Recorder's book has not been entered for some five years and the Treasurer's accounts are slightly scrambled. The trouble last year was that Brother Recorder made notes of the Councils on his cuffs and shirt-front. At the end of the year, following the quaint custom of undergraduates, he sent his year's accumulation of linen to the laundry, forgetting about the notes. Upon receiving the package back from the Celestial, he sent it to the Chemical Laboratory, where an effort will be made to analyze and decipher what is left of the shirts and cuffs, to see whether Phi Bunk really held any Councils at all last year. This will be the principal research work of Chemistry I during the First Semester.

In all other respects the Recorder's book was highly satisfactory.

Brother Treasurer was unable to find his balance, and has been more or less unbalanced ever since he has been struggling with the books. Every time he adds up the accounts he gets a different answer, and sometimes there isn't any. He told me that there was a slight discrepancy of \$5,337.66 between what he ought to have on hand and what the Bank claimed, the latter account showing an overdraft of \$266.33. However, there are very heavy arrears to be collected, some of the Brothers owing in excess of \$1,000 each to the Chapter, the wash-woman, etc. Brother Treasurer says that when he gets hold of some of these arrears he will not only be able to make up the deficit but can pay some of his own debts besides. He is evidently a clever financier and the boys can have confidence in him—a regular confidence man, in fact.

When I was leaving the House, one of the Brothers, in a droll spirit of mischief, hit me in the back of the neck with a Morris chair.

Disloyally submitted to the National Confusion,

Brother B. U. Buggs,
D—d Deputy.

Serve a Life Term!

"Be a lifer—not a loafer" is the beautiful thought that we are going to instill into the brain of every Brother, even if we have to use an automatic drill in some cases (names on request).

"Serve a life term as a subscriber to THE GIGGLE & WIGGLE!" Is not this an inspiring, an ennobling thought?

The ordinary subscriber to the ordinary common sort of paper cannot know the joy of those who sign up to receive this peerless publication for all eternity and then some.

A special edition on asbestos papyrus is printed for our subscribers in Hades. There is no half-way about us. When we say eternity we mean just that, and when you change your address we keep you on the list just the same.

Just think—if you have any power of thought left by this time—just think, that for 25 cents you can receive all the issues of THE GIGGLE & WIGGLE that ever have been published or ever will be!

If you don't get the paper promptly, don't bother to notify us. Just tell Burleson, or whisper it down the dumb-waiter—it will get you just as much.

Be a lifer!

Phi Psi Meeting

A special meeting of all Phi Psi Brothers, Graduate and Resident, will be held immediately after the business session on Saturday morning.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED—Chapters in Ohio and Indiana. No reasonable offer refused. Apply to National Council.

WANTED—An up-to-date and accurate Address Book. By everybody.

Uptown Lunch Club

The Uptown Lunch Club, always a leader, opened the Convention with its meeting at the Hotel Pennsylvania, yesterday noon at 12:30, occupying ringside seats on the dancing floor. The attendance ran into six figures, largely because the Downtown Club, contrary to expectations, sent a large delegation, headed by Charlie Bassford. The editorial staff of this publication attended in a body. Lieut. Bill Bridgell of Phi Phi showed up in full uniform. Ed Graber of Phi Gamma and Phi Delta spent a prince's ransom on his lunch.

The Uptown Lunch Club meets regularly every Thursday at 12:30 at Lussier's, 43rd Street just east of Broadway. The Downtown Lunch Club meets Tuesdays at 1 at Stewart's, Park Place near Broadway.

SNAP-SHOTS

A man we like
Is Donald Root.
In the Bridgeport Club
He's the main galoot.

A man we admire
Is Carlton Hayes.
To everyone's troubles
Attention he pays.

A line we'll ladie
Is Billy Bunk.
Tho' wounded thrice
He still shows pluck.

And here's a word
For Ethelbert Smith.
He won the War Cross
And that's no myth.

An enthusiast
Is Otto Sieder.
At collecting funds
He's sure a leader.

Among the flyers
Was Wally Esten.
He downed his Hun
And never was beaten.

We love to praise
The Brothers Webb.
Because—because
(What rhymes with Webb?)

Patronize

Our

Advertisers

Nothing Guaranteed

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT

(Note.—Contributors *MUST NOT* write on either side of the paper. Write in between. Don't use ink, typewriter, or pencil; it annoys the Editor. The Editor is not responsible for anything that appears in this Department; in fact, he has been irresponsible ever since his nurse allowed him to fall on his bean at the age of three. That is why he is an Editor.)

ENGAGEMENTS

Nothing doing this time. But just read our Extra after that Tea and Dance tomorrow afternoon. Oh, boy! Now do you know who put the WIGGLE into THE GIGGLE & WIGGLE? It was the inventor of those new dances.

MARRIAGES

For full particulars, see a comic paper known as *The Garnet & White*. This is a serious sheet.

BIRTHS

Born, to Hank Staunton, a bright idea. Hank and the idea are doing as well as could be expected.

Berths—see any Pullman car tomorrow night, but don't look too close. Last year a burlesque troupe got into the same sleeper in Philadelphia with Ed Bailly and Jim Robinson, and—say, who started all this talk about berths, anyway? This is a family sheet.

AFFINITIES

F. Percy Kalkhoff and Folding Pocket Kodak.

Thomas Francis Flanagan and Too Fat to Fight.

H. M. Kiesewetter and His Majesty the King.

Van Carwithen and Victoria Cross.

William S. Shelley and War Savings Stamps.

William A. Cather and Wales Advertising Co. (*Adv.*)

W. I. Tamlyn and WIT.

(Officers! call a cop—this has gone far enough!)

GRADUATE PERSONALS

'23

Brother Herbert J. Whoosis has accepted a position in the shipping department of the Consolidated Toothpick Co., Inc.

Later—Brother Whoosis has resigned his position, after one consecutive day's service, and his future plans have not been announced.

'30

Brother Marmaduke K. Besitz is filling a responsible position in the Ptomaine Canning Co.'s plant in Nutley, N. J. He removes the strings from the string beans.

OBITUARY

The Graduate Editor will be glad to learn of the deaths of any of the Brothers. Nothing is more mean or unbrotherly than to kick off without letting a feller know.

BIOGRAPHY

Brother Cyril V. Littlebrain, '99, rose by his own efforts, at eight o'clock every morning. He is one of the Receivers of the B. R. T.—that is, he receives nickels at the 23d Street station. Before that he was an elevator boy and experienced many ups and downs, but eventually went from the bottom to the top.

When the War broke out Brother Littlebrain resolutely passed up the temptation to go to France and become covered with decorations—and other things. Instead he got married and was placed in Class 5Z.

General Sherman coughed up a mouthful when he emitted that famous phrase, says Brother Littlebrain.

CHAPTER LETTERS

Phi Sly has the best letter this month (for all we know. Their Recorder lost it, so we can't print it.) Phy Pie, Phi Guy, and Phi Why also deserve honorable mention, but they won't get it, because our Editor stayed up too late at the smoker last night, and this afternoon he has a 75 mm. grouch.

Get a Banquet Photo

Your home is not complete unless you have a room papered with banquet photographs.

Honest, now! Whose face do you look for first, when the photographer's accomplice thrusts the still moist proof before your expectant eyes?

Why not paper a room with these beautiful reproductions of your own classical features surrounded by a background of ordinary mutts who merely complete the picture?

Such a room will show the gradual progress of the dead-line from the front of your clammy brow in 1911 to the full moon in 1919. As in historical exhibit of the progress of the Hericide offensive, its value is obvious.

To punish a disobedient child, lock him in this room for ten minutes. Longer than that will unhinge his reason—especially *your* child's.

Your wife can show friends hat you were half-decent looking at one time. You can almost kid yourself into believing it, too.

Try to keep your eyes open when the flash explodes. Don't look pop-eyed—even if you already are by that time.

Look unconcerned, debonair, as if unaware you were being photographed. Nobody but you will ever be aware of it at any time, anyway. The only way to be seen in a group picture is to stand on your head or put your fingers to your nose. Or try draping your necktie over your ear.

Be original—and see what you get.

(Continued on page 62)

Be a

Life

Subscriber

to the

Garnet

and

White



CROWDED OUT OF THIS ISSUE

All humor.
All semblance of sanity.
Mayor Hylan's Address of Welcome.

FINAL FINAL
★★★★★

The Giggle & Wiggle

THE WEATHER :
Yesterday cloudy. Day
before rainy and colder

Vol. I, No. 3

New York, February 24, 1919

BANQUET BREAKS ALL RECORDS WITH 297 PRESENT

*Fitting Climax to Biggest Convention in Fraternity History.
Prizes Awarded to Phi Phi, Phi Gramma and Phi Kappa.
Speakers Depart from Former Soporific Standards.*

The greatest banquet in the history of Alpha Chi Rho brought to a conclusion the twenty-first annual Convention of the fraternity—the biggest and best we ever held.

The time was Saturday evening between eight and twelve.

The place was the same room in the Pennsylvania Hotel that had been the scene of the business sessions, the smoker, the Webb entertainment and the tea.

Two hundred and ninety-seven brothers were at the tables—forty per cent more than had ever before partaken of an Alpha Chi Rho banquet, the best previous figure being two hundred and twelve.

Most of the celebrities of the fraternity were on hand, including six past presidents, namely Revered Brother Eardeley and Brothers Blakeslee, Hayes, Robinson, Carwithen and Staunton, the latter having just yielded the "ermine" to the newly "crowned" president, Jim Wales. Another past president—Brother Pickering—missed the banquet by a mere hair; Major Joe was on hand for the other doings of the Convention but much to the regret of all had to leave on Saturday noon for Philadelphia. Why not abolish that city anyway? Phi Phi brothers please answer, addressing "Contest Editor."

The room was crowded to the doors. The eats were superb. A careful census has thus far failed to reveal anyone who was able to down everything that was put before him. This sounds like a scarcely concealed thrust at the chef. But not so. His work was top hole. For quantity, however—well, for the good of the order we hope no brother will ever admit he finished all the courses.

The eating started promptly at eight. There was music by a real orchestra throughout the dinner. Song sheets were provided, giving the words of some of the songs of the day, especially such as gave the barber shop tenors a chance to split the rafters (this latter is a figure of speech we assure you—the rafters were well armored by a conventional ceiling, and while the tenors did some tall work on the Long, Long Trail and Keep the Home Fires Burning, we are sure said rafters remained intact).

The sad custom of previous years of having the brothers from each chapter gather round the piano to tearfully, fearfully render their college songs was done away with. Johnny Holden and his tribe from Hartford had no chance to hang over the upright and weep about the elms of dear old Trinity. Instead of these pilgrimages to the piano and back, the brothers were allowed to sit tight, and every now and then the orchestra would strike up some college song that gave the brothers from a certain chapter a chance.

Eventually the cigars were passed. Then Van Carwithen, who was toastmaster, rose, everybody settled back in his chair to listen or to snooze as the occasion might warrant, and the talk fest was on.

(Continued on Page Four)

Cartoons

Do you like the cartoons in this issue of the Giggle & Wiggle? We must say we think them better than some we have seen in the papers lately.

We were going to have a lot more of them but the expected artist brothers failed to show up. They must have heard we were planning to impress them into service. The life of the editor is a hard one—yea, a hard life it is.

JIM WALES ELECTED TO PRESIDENCY

Great Demonstration Marks Nomination at Saturday's Business Session

Ed Bailly Is Vice-President

Never in the memory of the scribe has the Fraternity witnessed such an outburst of enthusiasm as greeted the nomination of Brother James Albert Wales, Phi Psi, '01, to the presidency of the fraternity. The tumult lasted for five minutes and then had to be quelled in order to proceed with the election. No one else was nominated for the office so, amidst more applause, Jim was duly declared elected.

If ever the fraternity took a step that met with unanimous approval, this was it.

To many it was the most stirring moment of the entire Convention.

Prolonged applause also greeted the nomination of Brother Edward C. Bailly, Phi Omega, '06, to the Vice-Presidency. Brother Bailly had no competitors for office.

The only other election was that of Brother H. M. Kiesewetter, Phi Phi 1911, to the National Council.

Outside of these elections nothing interesting that we can here record happened at the Saturday morning business session. Two or three matters evoked considerable and diverting discussion—but these had best be left for elaboration in the Labarum.

It is disclosing no secrets, however, to say that the session was well attended. Every resident and graduate chapter was represented.

Carlton Hayes reported for the Committee on Legislation. He had two or three excellent ideas and all of them went through. The Discipline Committee then made its report through the unhappy scribe. It looked to said scribe for some time as though he was in for a hot time. So far as he could tell practically nobody thought his report was satisfactory. But just when it looked as though a torrent of denunciation was about to break on him, some kind-hearted brother came to his rescue with a motion that the whole thing be re-

ferred back to the committee for further investigation. It was passed. A close shave, says the scribe.

The next matter up for discussion was the place of the next convention. Invitations were extended from Phi Phi to come to Philadelphia, and from Phi Eta to come to Washington. Van Carwithen made the suggestion that Harrisburg, Pa., be considered—there being a new hotel there and the location being convenient for the various Pennsylvania Chapters. It was also suggested that another tri-chapter convention be held at New Haven, Hartford and Middle-town. The matter was then referred back to the National Council for decision.

When business had been completed, the newly-elected president was instituted in office, the brothers sang "Amici" in the traditional manner, and then the Convention dispersed for lunch.

What's The Matter?

BOY PAGE DR. WATSON

The editors of this periodical had such an exalted opinion of their brilliant journalistic accomplishment that they conceived the idea of providing a binder to enable chapters and friendly individuals to preserve their copies of the Giggle and Wiggle.

This was part of the idea. The other part was to sell the binders to the brothers at a fabulous price, adding the profits to the already swollen coffers of the Convention Committee.

But somehow the brothers didn't take to this idea with feverish enthusiasm. And so, after vainly trying to get an order for even one binder, the editors gave it up.

We have not yet figured out what was the trouble with the idea. Not the price surely—for we never had the nerve to mention it. And as for the unfraternal thought that the Brotherhood is unable to appreciate a literary masterpiece like the Giggle and Wiggle—far be it from us to entertain such disloyal suspicions.

A Suggestion!

HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU?

The trouble with the Giggle and Wiggle has been that it has sung the praises of everything and everybody. This is only natural when you have a board of editors consisting of such kind-hearted duffers as have run the paper this year. But praise is old stuff. What we need is something with a kick in it. After July first there will be greater demand than ever for that sort of thing. Why not make a resolution now that next year's paper will knock everything and praise nothing. Then you'd have a real paper. "The Wallop" would be a good strong name. We make this suggestion now because we feel sure that by next year it will be forgotten.

GIRLS AND JAZZ AND A BIT OF TEA

Little of the Last But Lots of the First Make Saturday Affair Tumultuous Success

Some of the Harrowing Details

It sure was some tea.

That is to say when Brother Reporter arrived on the scene shortly after the opening of hostilities it was being rumored about that still earlier in the day there had been some tea.

Far be it from us to let mere rumor creep its insidious way into high priced space like this. The truth and nothing but the truth has always been the motto of this illustrious sheet, not to say of the aforesaid Brother Reporter. So far as we could tell on arriving at the scene, there was no tea, had been no tea and would be no tea, pastries, uneedas or anything. But being subsidized by the Convention Committee we dare not say this, and so, bowing to the moneyed interests, we repeat that it was rumored when we arrived that at one stage of the proceeding there had been both tea and dance.

There can be no doubt, however, that there was plenty of dance. Dick Fox, Hank Staunton, Jim Robinson, Ed Bailly and other frivolously-minded Brothers appeared on the scene bright and early. Dick, we are told, had been holding secret practice of the latest steps for some days past and was expected to delight the Brotherhood with the most modern variations of the Shimmy. Evidently Dick lost his nerve on this latter venture, but at that we must admit that Dick is quite some picture when tripping the light fantastic.

Engineers present figured that the floor contained some five thousand square feet, and allowing two feet for each dancer there must have been twenty-five hundred people with us. So far as could be observed none of the dancers had more than two feet—but this was probably an optical delusion. Even in a brotherhood like this there are some who, when it comes to dancing, are all feet.

We will not here set down the names of all the brothers who were present nor the names of those with whom they were chiefly engaged. Space prevents us, as does also a due fraternal regard for the feelings of those benedicti who left their wives at home knowing that said wives would get all the excitement of the affair by reading of it in these racy columns at an important saving of 50%. (Note: The price of this paper is only 25c.; we mention this merely to make you feel bad if you didn't subscribe; it is now too late to do anything about it; opportunity knocks but once; those who fight shy of the knocker please take no notice.—Ed.) Anyway you can get all the names of those present from Town & Country, or from the society columns of any first rate newspaper. If you don't find them in the first paper you tackle, remember that the number of first rate newspapers is after all quite limited.

(Additional Note: Please do not look in the Garnet and White for roster of attendance. We want it distinctly understood that the G. & W. is a first class sheet even though it omits matters like this.—Ed.)

When Brother Flanagan heard that this issue of the Giggle and Wiggle would contain a write-up of the tea he suggested changing the name of the issue to the Gobble and Wobble. What do you mean, Tom? Why Wobble? We should prefer Waddle, even though the goose step is out of fashion.

(Continued on Page Three)

Entirely Different!

This newspaper is different from any in the country.

We absolutely refuse to let any of our reporters write about anything they haven't seen or any affair they haven't attended.

When we announced this bold and revolutionary policy, editors from all over the country warned us of the consequences. How could we expect reporters to write of anything with which they were familiar after others had trained them to write only about the unfamiliar!

But we stuck to our guns and here we are.

The paper goes out of existence with this its third issue.

That proves we were right.

The Giggle & Wiggle

A Sassy Metropolitan Daily That Fortunately Expires With This Issue

Perpetrated by
T. F. FLANAGAN
JAMES ALBERT WALES
H. M. KIESEWETTER

We Are Seven!

PHI PHI BROS. BOAST

Numerous Phi Phi brothers were overheard boasting at the Convention that their chapter has seven majors in the service Brothers Maylin, Joseph Pickering, Harold Hellyer, George E. Roth, Edwin North McClellan, John Marston 3rd, L. D. Frescoln and Ralph B. Jones.

Other Phi Phi brothers frequently mentioned at the Convention were Captain Jimmy McCutcheon, who was twice promoted on the field of battle for valor, and Lieutenant Warren Eaton, who brought down an enemy airplane, was reported to be one of the best of our flyers, and was wearing the distinguished service cross at the Convention.

Some Politicians!

THE PRESS WINS AGAIN

The pen is mightier than the sword. Yea verily.

Two of the three editors of this paper had themselves elected to office by the recent Convention.

It only goes to show the power of the press in politics.

"Let me write a nation's papers and I care not who writes its checks," someone paraphrases.

Candidates for the board of editors of next year's Convention paper will please form to the left.

Girls and—

(Continued from Page Two)

No well written story of an Alpha Chi Rho dance should mention the music.

This, like the condition of the floor or the state of the weather, may be good enough as subjects of conversation for lesser minds, but you, dear reader, who have shown your superiority by perusing the Giggle and Wiggle thus far, have proved that you are above such low-brow chatter. If we could say something that would make you shuffle your feet, snap your fingers and set your pulse to beating in syncopated measure we would do it. And maybe you'd get some idea of the strains that kept things moving at the tea. But after three days of Convention we don't feel equal to it—and we know you agree with us.

So we just say again "It was sure some tea"—the best we ever had.

WEBBS' WHIRL OF WORLD WONDERS WINS WELCOME

Scintillating Succession of Startling Surprises and Syncopated Spasms

Program Pronounced Positively Perfect

As the imaginary curtain rose on Friday evening on the Webb Brothers All Star Movie Circus Drama, it became evident that the "ideals" of A. X. P. which Brothers Staunton and Fox ever hold before us would prove again their great value as our anchor to the windward. No, we do not mean to insinuate anything as to the show itself. It was entirely "correct," but on the front row agog with expectancy sat—what do you think of this list as a sample—"Johnny" Holden, as ever bald and may we say bold because in a way it rhymes with bald; "Van Carwithen, looking as prosperous as ever and he should know better; "Ot" Kraus, usually so staid and sober that you scarcely would suspect him of it; and so on ad infinitum.

"But as the further blows at the hands of Mrs. Vernon Castle, Enrico Caruso, and Douglas Fairbanks fell upon the harrowed feelings of the audience it burst into tears."—N. Y. Herald.

"The vocalistic outbursts offered by John R. Brierly who substituted unexpectedly for John McCormack and who was secured only at great expense was a fine feature of the entertainment."—N. Y. Times.

"Enrico Caruso who had been out two evenings earlier in the week could get no further leave of absence at the hands of his wife, and the management was compelled to call in Jack Brierly, of Cocoanut Grove fame, who was simply delightful in his artistic rendition of some of the newest songs. 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night' was received with special favor."—Morning Telegram.

The crowd at the entertainment, while gentle and tractable, was still large. That is to say, it was large but not still. These prohibition days we don't like the latter adjective. Only the most fragrant tobacco was smoked. The committee had gone to limitless expense to provide the choicest blends of Newsboy Plug, Stokers Delight and other well-known brands. Consequently the smoke laden atmosphere was bracing in the extreme. Only the highest priced Camels cigarettes were supplied and this, too, added much to the enjoyment of the night—no, we don't mean of the night, but of the smokers.

The party finally broke up as most parties do. In its quest for novelty, the committee had plotted to do away with this feature of the entertainment. But somehow the plot fell through. So far as could be determined, however, from a more or less careless inspection of the brothers on the following morn, there were no actual casualties.

As for the show—here are some of the encomiums culled from the New York newspapers of Saturday morning:

"Webb Bros. surpass themselves. Movie Circus Drama at private hearing

before a crowded house reveals the inexhaustible ingenuity of the producers and artistry of talent. The only feature that cast even a light shadow on the revelings was the "disappointments" which the directors were compelled to announce. Groans greeted the word that Mayor Hylan could not extend the welcome, as set out in the program, because he was detained in Florida. The sniffing became pronounced and handkerchiefs appeared everywhere in the house when the word went forth that Mary Pickford had sprained her ankle on her pianola and was compelled to rest under the orders of her physician. With the announcement that Theda Bara unexpectedly had decided to join the Red Cross forces in Italy, the gnashing of teeth was so audible that the fraternity dentists have reason to expect additional patronage.

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Banquet Breaks Records

(Continued from Page One)

The first speaker was Tom Flanagan. He was doing pinch-hit duty for Brother Lieutenant Harry F. Ferguson, also of Phi Psi, who had been slated to orate. Tom gave us his views of the labor problem. Some brothers were uncertain as to whether he was advocating Bolshevism or merely endorsing it. Opinion was equally divided on this point. We learn on good authority that Jim Wales has suggested, and that Tom is seriously considering, changing his (Tom's) name to Terribly Fiendish Flanagan, after the James Montgomery Flagg movie. The "Contest Editor" will be glad to get from Brothers who heard Tom talk votes as to whether or not this change of name is appropriate.

It must be admitted, however, that Tom said a mouthful. He ought to be able to get a job as an instructor in economics in any of the universities or colleges represented at the banquet.

Van next introduced Brother Henry W. Shockley of Lehigh, to whom was presented the official charter of the Phi Mu Chapter. Brother Shockley spoke briefly about the history and aspirations of the Lehigh organization.

He was followed by Brother Harwood Lawrence Childs, who accepted the official charter of the newly-instituted chapter at Dartmouth. If the wit with which Brother Childs' speech was crowded is a fair example of what is to be expected from this youngest chapter in the fraternity, the older wags (we do not mean Hoppy) will have to look to their laurels.

The proceedings were next interrupted to give Ed Bailly a chance to tell a few stories and present a few prizes. Ed did the honors because he had been elected president of the One Hundred Per Cent Club. As usual he was very boisterous and animated in a gesticular way. On one occasion he raised his hand all of six inches—but we are inclined to think that this was a mistake unintentionally committed in the excitement of the moment.

Of all the dry wits we know, Ed is about the dryest. Luckily he is also one of the wittiest (donations please, Ed). At least he was, that night.

The first trophy to be presented was the general attendance cup, awarded to the chapter having the greatest total number of brothers registered at the convention. The two New York chapters, Phi Chi and Phi Omega, were debarred from the competition, being "at home" at the convention. The award went to Phi Phi, for whom it was accepted by Brother Kennedy of the resident chapter. The cup, which stands about 18 inches high without the base, will adorn the Phi Phi house for at least a year.

The registration from the various chapters was as follows:

Phi Omega.....	53
Phi Chi.....	52
Phi Phi.....	48
Phi Delta.....	38
Phi Psi.....	32
Phi Gamma.....	29
Phi Theta.....	26
Phi Alpha.....	21
Phi Epsilon.....	17
Phi Mu.....	16
Phi Beta.....	15
Phi Iota.....	8
Phi Zeta.....	7
Phi Nu.....	6
Phi Kappa.....	5
Phi Lambda.....	5
Phi Eta.....	1

The second prize to be presented was a wall plaque of the Fraternity Seal, awarded to the chapter which had presented at the Convention the highest percentage of its quota as assigned by the Convention Committee. Phi Gamma came out ahead in this competition, the standing being as follows:

Chapter	Quota	Attendance	Percentage
Phi Gamma..	25	29	116
Phi Mu.....	15	16	106
Phi Chi.....	50	52	104
Phi Delta....	40	38	95
Phi Zeta.....	8	7	87
Phi Epsilon..	20	17	85
Phi Alpha....	25	21	84
Phi Psi.....	40	32	80
Phi Phi.....	60	48	80
Phi Iota.....	10	8	80
Phi Theta....	40	26	65
Phi Nu.....	10	6	60
Phi Beta.....	25	15	60
Phi Omega...	90	53	58
Phi Kappa...	10	5	50
Phi Lambda..	10	5	50
Phi Eta.....	5	1	20
<i>Average.....</i>		78	

With this prize also went a seal of the fraternity in the form of a watch charm, to the graduate secretary-treasurer of the winning chapter. The lucky and deserving individual was Brother Moore.

Brother Baldwin accepted the plaque on behalf of the Phi Gamma resident chapter. The prize becomes their permanent property.

The next prize that Ed handed out was the trophy which Henry Staunton gave the fraternity some years back, to be awarded every other year to the chapter having had the greatest number of "best letters" in the Garnet and White since the last award. Phi Kappa was the leader here, having had three best letters during the last two years. Brother Sanderson accepted the trophy on behalf of the Phi Kappa Chapter.

This ended the awards. The scholarship cup could not be awarded pending certain adjustments. It was, however, announced that the decision would be made within a month and that it would

favor one of four chapters—Phi Psi, Phi Phi, Phi Kappa and Phi Omega.

Van thereupon called on Hank Staunton as the next speaker. Hank had more stories up his sleeve than *Life* turns down in a year. If anybody wants to publish a real collection of parlor jokes we nominate Hank for editor. He proved his capacity as a humorous editor years ago when he held sway over the G. and W.

After rambling his anecdotal way through Ireland, Dark Town, Yankee-land and elsewhere, Hank finally squared off and vented some sentiments about the fraternity that evidently got home judging from the prolonged applause which greeted them.

Many were the kindly words to be heard about Henry's good work for the fraternity while in the Presidential chair. It was a great administration for Alpha Chi Rho.

The last slated speaker of the night was then introduced—none other than Carlton Hayes. Carlton was in his uniform of Captain in what he referred to as the army of the Potomac. He was also in fine fettle. Very first thing he pulled that old one about having decided because of the lateness of the hour to spare his hearers from an elaborately prepared speech, etc., etc. You know the gag. Well, in accordance with common usage, Carlton produced a wad of paper from his pocket, which he exhibited as the said elaborate speech only to throw it contemptuously aside. It was mighty dirty looking—we mean the wad, not the speech. So having thus got under way, Carlton gave us a regular old-fashioned Hayes talk.

The speech was a humdinger and was greeted with prolonged applause.

Then came the last speaker—Jim Wales, our new president. In introducing him, Van said that here was a man whom everyone not only liked but actually loved. When Jim rose to his feet there was another outburst of that enthusiasm which had been called forth by his election earlier in the day.

Jim made a concise speech about the work of the coming year. Then the brothers gathered round the hall in the time-honored way, sang "Amici," and the banquet was over.

Staggering Statistics Strikingly Substantiated

A week before Convention, we wrote up the department "Staggering Statistics," which appeared on page 2 of last Friday's issue of the Giggle and Wiggle. We predicted a registration of 379 at Convention.

How many *did* register?

Boy, page Charles Hobby Bassford!

"Exactly 379 registered," says Charles.

See how much better we did, than the amateur quota-makers!